Who Plot Beſt;

The WHIGS or the TORIES.

BEING A

BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF ALL THE

PLOTS

That have happen'd within theſe THIRTY Years.

VIZ.

Three Tory Plots,	Five Whig Plots,
The *Popiſh*,	The *Presbyterian*,
The *Abdication*,	The *Pinns*,
The *Aſſaſſination*.	The *Puppets*,
	The *Mohocks*,
	The *Band-Box*.

IN A

LETTER to Mr. *Ferguſon*.

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A LETTER TO Mr. *FERGUSON.*

SIR,

THERE is but One Perſon in the World that has ſo much Pretence to an Addreſs of this Nature as Your ſelf. His Head is indeed turn'd like your own; 'Tis Crafty, Falſe, full of Plots and Contrivances, and has moſt wonderfully ſav'd its Neck hitherto, as it is well known you have done in deſpight of Danger. But it being ſtill a Doubt what the End of that Perſon will be, and ſo one may bring Inconvenience on One's ſelf, by having Commerce with him; I choſe rather to correſpond with you, who having out-liv'd the Talents that expos'd you to ſo much Evil, but has purchas'd you an Immortal Name, will do Honour to ſuch an Eſſay, by ſuffering it to appear before it.

There has been no Plot, either ſmall or great, that happen'd when you flouriſh'd, but you may lawfully claim the Merit of it; and your Services in that Point to the ſeveral ſucceſſive Miniſtries in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second have made it the common Conjecture, that you were never ſo ſafe as when you ſeem'd moſt in Danger; and that you have been paid by them according to the Efficacy of every *Plot*, and the Heads which were taken off by it. Thus it is ſaid you have always been provided of *Plots*, and have ſold 'em Ready-made as the cheaper Commodity: But when the Times have ſtood in need of a ſubſtantial Conſpiracy, which has requir'd much Thought, and to be well labour'd and atteſted, you have then rais'd the Price, and giv'n more of your Brains to it, than for a Common *Plot*; ſuch as the *Meal-Tub*, *Rye-Houſe*, *Iriſh Maſſacre*, and *Lancaſhire-Plots*.

If you will permit me to reflect a little on Matters of this kind, I will beg you to remember with me what Sorts of *Plots* we have had, and at whoſe Doors we muſt lay them. Now I think there are but Two Parties among us that can truly deſerve the Name of *Plotters*, the *Whigs* and the *Tories*; under which Denominations every Sect and Faction are imply'd. To the *Tories* we may lay at leaſt Three Plots, and to the *Whigs* Four or Five, all within your Time: But the *Tories* have ſhewn that they Excel the *Whigs* as much in the Depth and Succeſs of their Conſpiracies, as in the Loyalty of their Principles; for to the *Tories* belong entirely the *Popiſh-Plot*, the *Abdication-Plot*, and the *Aſſaſſination-Plot*. To the

Whigs,

Whigs, the *Presbyterian Plot*, and the Four Laſt Plots of the *Pins*, the *Puppets*, the *Mohocks*, and the *Bandbox*. Let any impartial Man judge then, whether the *Whiggs* can pretend to compare with the *Tories*, or are by any means ſo clever at their Buſineſs. They are always found out before they well know what they are doing; and have manag'd themſelves ſo fooliſhly, that 'tis a Doubt to this Day, whether they were ever in a Plot or no: Whereas, the *Tories* go through-Stitch; and what is very extraordinary, have been ſo cunning as to bring one King into a Plot againſt Himſelf, and turn another out for Plotting againſt Them. What they would have done with King *William* had they caught him at *Turnham-Green*, any one may know that reads *Charnock* and *Perkins*'s Tryal; *Stanch Tories* both of them, and no more *Papiſts* than *Leſly* or *Sacheverel*; whereas the *Whigs* are ſo aukard at the Work, that 'tis diſcover'd before it is thought of; and of all the Five Plots they have to brag of, I don't find one that a Man could fairly hang for; which is like their ſneaking way of doing Things. That the *Popiſh* was a *Tory* Plot, none can queſtion, but thoſe who deny there was any Plot at all; which cannot be deny'd without giving the Lye to both King and Parliament, who declar'd there was a Damnable *Plot* by *Papiſts*; tho' whether it was againſt a Popiſh King or only againſt the Proteſtant Religion, I will not determine. *Tom Killigrew* knew what he ſaid when he told King *Charles*, *Your Majeſty knows more of the Plot than any Body elſe; and your Diſcovery of it would quickly*

ſatisfy the People; but the King would not ſay a Word, and it all ended with the Hanging *Coleman*, and 8 or 10 *Tories* more; for which the *Whigs* pay'd ſeverely Two or Three Years after. The *Tories* you know, ſoon turn'd the Tables on them; and the *Popiſh* Plot being laught out of Doors, made room for the *Presbyterian*; which if all were true that is ſaid of it by a Biſhop and other good Authority, was a ſad Plot indeed.

For after they had done what they would with the King and his *Deareſt* Brother, if you will take his Majeſty's own Word for it, there was to have been a *Maſſacre*. Some ſwore the Judges were to be *Flead*, and their Skins *Stuff'd* and *Hung* up in *Guildhall*. As to the Killing and *Stuffing* them, I think it had better have been left out of the Plot; but if they had been lawfully *hung* up, there had been no great Harm done; conſidering, as the Parliament have ſince Enacted, they *murder'd Stephen College*, the Lord *Ruſſell*, Coll. *Sydney*, Sir *Thomas Armſtrong*, and others. This Plot, which you know Sir, was to have had its beginning at a *Foot-Ball Match* at *Blackheath*, ſuffer'd extreamly in its Reputation, by my Lord *Ruſſell*'s *proteſting in the Words of a dying Man, he knew of no Plot either againſt the King's Life or Government*. And tho' the King put out a Declaration, and a Biſhop a Book, to prove what you knew more of than all of them; yet the Credit of this *Plot* ſunk mightily after the *Revolution*, upon the Houſe of Lords appointing a Committee to examine *who were the Adviſers and Proſecutors of the Murder of the Lord* Ruſſel, *Sir* Thomas Armſtrong, *&c.* And

Sir

Sir *Robert Sawyer*, then Attorney-General, was expell'd the House of Commons, for being concern'd in Prosecuting the Latter. So that the *Whigs*, for ought I see, have nothing to answer for, but the *Pinns*, the *Puppets*, the *Mobocks*, and the *Bandbox*; which are of very late Date, and have nothing at all of the Spirit and Contrivance of the Plots of your *Day* and *Design*.

For tho' you got over to *Holland*, at the breaking out of the *Presbyterian* Plot, and came over with King *William*, yet I am inform'd you might have been caught if the Court had been so minded; and that you your self who made that *Plot*, was the very Person who discover'd it; which, it is true, those are the best qualify'd to do, that are the Contrivers of a Thing. And it would be a great satisfaction to the World if you would let them into the Secret of your Escape on that Occasion; and why, when the Warrant was deliver'd to *Legat* the Messenger to seize the rest of the Offenders; Secretary *Jenkyns* gave Him a strict Command not to take you, but to shun you where e're he met you; and if he should happen to find you in Company among the rest, he should let you go; which is a Mystery People want sadly to have unriddled; you being known to be a Man of that Integrity and Plain-Dealing, we can hardly suppose you would be a State-Intelligencer, or betray your Confederates. Neither can it be imagin'd, that a Man of so much Honour and Capacity as Sir *Lionel Jenkyns*, would either trust *Legat* with such a suspicious Order, or be accessary to the Death of so many honest

neſt Gentlemen, by ſuch indirect Means. In ſhort, if you will not tell how it is, we muſt leave it a Myſtery as we found it, and the *Whigs* will ſtill have a pretence to deny the whole Buſineſs; of which, if they could get off, all the Plots of the laſt Reigns will lye upon the *Tories*, except thoſe of the *Band-box*, the *Mohocks*, the *Puppets*, and the *Pinns*; which will be prov'd preſently to have very ill Meanings, and they can never clear themſelves of them as long as *Abel* has any Credit in the World, which ſurely will be as long as Hiſtory, Truth, and Modeſty are in Eſteem among Men.

I need not mention the *Meal-Tub Plot*, becauſe no Miſchief came of it; but I muſt needs own it was a great weakning of the *Rye-houſe*; for the *Tories* having try'd to faſten a *Plot* upon the *Whigs*, whether they would or no, by the help of Mrs. *Cellier* and ſome others of the *Party*, it gave a Handle to the Incredulous to ſay they had done the ſame, but with better Fortune in the Second *Presbyterian* Plot, which as I ſaid muſt be fix'd upon the *Whiggs*, to make up Five Grand Plots on their Side, as well as Three on the *Tories*.

As to the *Abdication* Plot, the *Tories* ran into it before they were aware of it, and as if they were aſham'd of doing good, repented of it before it was executed. But it will always be put to their Account, and the *Whigs* will even out of ſpite give them the Honour of it: For the *Revolution* began with a *Memorial from the Church of* England *to the Prince and Princeſs of* Orange. The Earl of *S*—, the Lord *Eland*, the Lord *Dunblane*, and others, actually came over

with

with the Prince of *Orange*. The Earl of *Bath* ſiez'd *Plymouth*; the Earl of *Danby*, *York*; The Earl of *Abingdon* join'd the Prince early; Sir *Edward Seymour*, and the Univerſity of *Oxford*, would not be ſatisfy'd without a worſe *Aſſociation* than that they had abhorr'd 4 or 5 Years before. The Lord *Cornbury* was the Firſt that left the King's Army; the Duke of *O——d* did the ſame at *Andover*: The Biſhop of *L—n* put himſelf at the Head of a Troop of Horſe; the Earl of *Clarendon* went into the Prince; the Duke of *N——d* with his Troop of Guards declar'd for him. Thus it appears very plainly, that King *James* the IId was not abdicated by the *Whigs*, who however have ſince ſet up for *Reſiſtance and neceſſary Means*; as tho' they only had done the Prince of *Orange*'s Buſineſs; and the *Tories* have been ſuch Fools, as to let them run away with the Glory of a *Revolution*, for which they themſelves would have been hang'd had it not ſucceeded. 'Tis ſtrange, methinks, they ſhould be ſo civil as to run all the Riſque, and let their Antagoniſts reap the Honour of the Enterprize. If it had met with the ſame Succeſs as *Monmouth*'s did, it would have had the ſame Name and Conſequences; no Body can doubt it; and therefore Thoſe who are for *Indefeaſible*, *Unalienable*, *Jure Divino*, and the like, will find it very difficult to clear their Carriage at the *Revolution* from the Scandal of a *Plot*; which was the beſt for this Nation that ever was, or ever will be, having ſav'd all that the *Tories* would have given up again by a Plot of ſo black a Dye, that it is not to be mention'd without Horror

and

and Trembling. And as I have no Mind to be ſo much out of Humour my ſelf, ſo I think the ſame of Others, and ſhall ſpare them the Trouble of remembring it. Only one cannot but obſerve, that there was not one *Fanatick* in all the *Aſſaſſination*-Plot, and not one *Whig* who did not heartily Sign the *Aſſociation* againſt it.

We have had ſeveral other Diminutive Plots which have prov'd Abortive, and the *Tories* have always come in for their Share. *Preſton*'s is their own, as Major *Aſhton*'s Laſt Speech makes out beyond Contradiction: But it was a ſilly Buſineſs, and ſo unworthy your Genius, that you were not ſuſpected to have any Part in it.

The *Tories*, ſince Sir *John Friend* was caught ſomewhere, have not given themſelves the Fatigue of *Plotting*. What they have done, has been downright and bareſac'd *Tumult*, *Sedition* and *Rebellion*, as in the Doctor's Caſe. And having by this means made the *Whigs* Angry, they thought they had Ground enough to load 'em with a *Plot* or Two; which, it muſt be confeſs'd, are the worſt they ever were guilty of. You never form'd any Thing for them in the Height of your *Diſguſt* and *Machinations*, that was like to be ſo miſchievous. I mean the *Pinns*, the *Puppets*, the *Mohocks*, and the *Bandbox*; The Firſt being to throw down the Church; the Second to throw down the Pretender; the Third to knock down the Watch; and the Laſt to kill the firſt Man that ſhou'd meddle with it. As to the *Pinns*, I know ſome People are of another Opinion, and think, becauſe the Church ſtood

ſo

ſo long without Pinns, and may probably ſtand ſo theſe Thouſand Years, there cou'd be no Plot in ſtealing them away; but to ſell 'em for Old Iron. That cou'd never be: For whoever ſtole them, cou'd not propoſe to make above 10 or 20 Pound by them; and he might have got more by bringing them forth, and diſcovering 'em; the Gazette offering Fifty, if not an Hundred. 'Twas reported, that the *Pinns* being factiouſly and traiterouſly taken away by *Fanaticks*, Enemies to Monarchy and Epiſcopacy, St. *Paul*'s was to have tumbled when it was full of the beſt Company in *England*; and, as the Gunpowder-*Plot* was to have blown 'em up, this was to cruſh 'em to Pieces: It being inſinuated, that the whole Fabrick by Removal of the Pinns was to have tumbled at once; and that the *Plotter* had ſo nick'd it, as to make it ſtand juſt to the Tenth Part of a Minute, and then to come down with a Vengeance. Every thing is merry in this horrid Conſpiracy, but the Imagination that the moſt *Sacred* Life in the World was to have been loſt in it. The very Image forbids all Sport, and turns what otherwiſe would be Ludicrous into Terror. Tho conſidering it was all Invention, it takes off much of it, and leaves room for Laughter at the Whimſicalneſs of the *Pinn* Conſpiracy. However I have been inform'd, that the *Pinns* were afterwards found in Fanatical Hands; and that the Wretch who ſtole them, prov'd to be a greater Cheat than was expected, being an *Anabaptiſt* as well as a *Thief*. I did not enquire critically into the Truth of it, knowing by Experience that a Cloak has hid

more Knaves than one, and that a Band is only an Outward Sign of Sanctification.

The Whigs will have more to do to get off of the Puppets; for that the History is against them, and the truest History that ever was writ, since that of the *Rye-house* Plot. I mean Mr. *Roper*'s of the 20th of *November*, 1711.

On Saturday *Morning*, *about* 2 *a Clock*, says that Ingenious Author, *were seiz'd by Three Messengers, and some of the Guards, in* Drury-Lane, *the Effigies of the* Pope, *the* Devil, *and the* Pretender, *in a Box with a Canopy over it, Four Jesuits, Four Cardinals, and Four Fryars, and carried to the Right Honourable the Earl of* D---'s *Office. They were design'd to be carry'd in Procession that Evening, in Order to be burnt at Night: That Day being the Aniversary of Queen* Elizabeth's *Accession to the Throne*; Here this Impartial Writer makes these Judicious Reflections, and lets one into the Secret; *Was the Pretence of making such a Show, in Order to draw a great Mob together, who might have done a great deal of Mischief, had not the same been* PRUDENTLY *prevented by seizing the aforesaid Effigies, and by raising the Train-bands of this City, and the* Militia *of* Westminster, *which were out that Day in the Morning till Yesterday.* All this might have pass'd for bare Surmise, if one had not the Judgment of so extraordinary a Person, to confirm the Belief of a dangerous Conspiracy. *This Design*, continues he, *was undoubtedly to disturb the Peace of this Kingdom, and reflect on the Queen and Ministry.* Which way of arguing is so nervous and natural, it must convince every body. Because Thirty Two Years before that, a most pompous

Proceſſion of the ſame Kind was made at a prodigious Expence, in Honour of Queen *Elizabeth*, our Glorious Proteſtant Queen. Therefore the doing ſomething like it now, muſt naturally be a Deſign to reflect on Her Preſent Majeſty, who, with that Immortal Princeſſes's Motto, poſſeſſes all her other Virtues, and ſo piouſly imitates her Reign. One wou'd wonder how ſuch Stuff as this can paſs upon reaſonable Creatures. And perhaps it does not; for it is much more to the Honour of our Species, to ſuppoſe thoſe Creatures are not reaſonable. The next Time our Incomparable Hiſtorian ſpeaks of this Matter, he does it thus. *When any Impartial Judge will conſider the End for which it was deſign'd, and the Conſequences that might have attended ſuch a riotous Proceeding, ſet on Foot by a certain deſpicable, inſolent, factious Party, who, when in P----, exclaim'd againſt, as much as now they ſeem'd to applaud it, muſt be thoroughly ſatisfy'd 'twas not to celebrate the Memory of that Glorious Princeſs Queen* Elizabeth, *whoſe Anniverſary they have from the Year* 1679. *let paſs almoſt unobſerv'd.* Now comes the Matter of Fact, as he learnt it from his own evil Genius: For all Papers elſe, all Perſons in the World have been ſilent. *The true Intent of this was to raiſe a Mob to confront the Beſt of Q—— and Her M—— pull down the Houſes of ſeveral Honeſt, Worthy, Loyal, True* Engliſh *Gentlemen, having had Money diſtributed amongſt them ſome time before for that Purpoſe.* G. G. G. S. S. S. W. H. M. *an Inſatiable Ambitious J----o,* cum multis aliis, *who made the Subſcription, and at the ſame time gave it out, that Her Majeſty was very ill, if not dead, in or-*

der to have acted their T——n with the greater Freedom. Which dreadful Piece of History he cannot repeat without expressing his Piety. *But, God be praised, to their great Mortification, and the Joy of all True Churchmen, &c. there is nothing in it*, or Words to that Effect. The Delight that such Writings give a Man, must needs make one in Love with them; and I deny my self, and the Reader, a very exquisite Pleasure, in leaving out the rest of those Papers that relate to this Subject; but I have confin'd my self to so narrow a Compass, that we must content our selves with this. The Gentlemen who were charg'd with subscribing to the Expence of these Puppets, put out a Paper with a full Account of the intended Procession: And confess'd, that the *Pope*, the *Devil*, the *Pretender*, and all the jolly Crew before-mentioned, in their Robes of *Bayes* and *Tinsel*, were to have been committed to the Flames: As all of them, but the *Pretender*, had often far'd before, to the great Comfort of good Protestants. And it was not imagin'd, that the *Pretender* was too good for such Company, or that he might not have had the same Usage without either T——n or Sedition. Those Gentlemen having confess'd as much as all this comes too, I do not see how the *Whigs* can clear themselves of their Design to bring Folks together on that Night: For it wou'd surely have had that Effect. The *Red Bayes* wou'd have been taken for *Broad-cloth*, and the *Tinsel* for *Gold*; Forty or Fifty Links wou'd have made the Show glitter like a Court Scene on the Stage, and the Rabble, no doubt, wou'd have star'd at it.

But how it follows, that becauſe they wou'd have been glad to have ſeen the *Pretender* and the *Pope* in a Bone-fire, that therefore they wou'd have pull'd down Honeſt Gentlemen's Houſes, I do not comprehend. That is one of the Sagacious Mr. *Roper*'s Conſequences. As if no Gentlemen cou'd be honeſt, that were not for the *Pope* and the *Pretender*. I am not here debating the good Manners or good Policy of inſulting the *Pope* thus, as he is a Temporal Prince; but as to the *Devil*, and the *Pretender*, I think they may go together, if People have a Fancy for't, as the Two greateſt Enemies we have both in this World and the next. After all, if this muſt be allow'd to be a *Whig* Conſpiracy, becauſe it was to commemorate the Anniverſary of the beſt Church-Queen this Nation was ever bleſs'd with before our own Times; let them get off as well as they can; I ſhall ſay no more for them, and let the World think what they pleaſe of ſuch *Deep* and *Dangerous* Plotters. 'Twas given out, that under Colour of this Proceſſion, there was to have been an Inſurrection, and that an Army lay conceal'd in the *Pall Mall*, like that of the Two *Brentford* Kings at *Knightsbridge*, to be headed by the Duke of *M —— h* then on the other Side of the Water. What this Army was to do, I have not heard; except the pulling down Two or Three Houſes: A Plot fit for *Tylers* and *Bricklayers*, who might have got ſomething by it; but what Advantage it wou'd have been to any one elſe, is as much a Riddle to me as the Plot it ſelf. I am far from making a Jeſt of any Laudable Endeavours for

preſer-

preſerving the Peace of the City: Only I think it is a Reflection on the Watch, to whom we commit the Charge of both Body and Goods, to queſtion their Valour or Vigilance, and to be every now and then putting the Train'd-Bands over their Heads; which ſome ſay in Raillery is the true way of raiſing the Mob: That they never did any good; and when there has been Miſchief done, that they always have had a hand in it; intimating, that they are never the leſs Rabble for their Buff and their Bandeliers. I muſt confeſs I cannot talk of the *Militia* ſo ſlightingly, and never ſee 'em out, but, like other Sage People, I think preſently there's ſomething in't, and that we are in more Danger than we are aware of. Which, it may be, is what is intended by it in ſome Caſes, to give Jealouſy of a *Ruin'd Deſpicable* Faction, who have it as little in their Powers to do Hurt, as it is in their Wills; and in my Mind, he muſt be a Fool that's afraid of 'em.

The next Plot they are charg'd with, is that of the *Mohocks*. This indeed ſticks cloſe: For the Miſchief ſaid to be done by thoſe *Scowrers*, if true, wou'd render the *Whigs* ſome of the wickedeſt People that ever were: Theſe *Mohocks* falling upon every one they met, and particularly on the Night-Walkers and chief Magiſtrates. There's a Hundred Stories told of them, of Slitting of Noſes, of Cutting of Ears, Pinking of Skins, Twirling of Hats, Tearing Scarfs, Beating the Watch, and Striking Terror where-ever they came. The Truth of the Matter is this, a Parcel of Wild Young Fellows frequenting a

Tavern

Tavern in *Fleetſtreet*, when the Four Kings viſited us, took upon them the Name of *Mohocks*, and play'd ſome ſuch Sorts of Pranks as the *Scowrers* did 20 or 30 Years before. The *Whigs* were upon this repreſented to be at their old Trade of Plotting again; and the little Riots that were occaſion'd by thoſe Frolickſome Sparks, whoſe Emperor, as their Captain was ſtil'd, was ſo far from being a *Whig*, that, to my Knowledge, there is not a *Whig* in his Family, were all laid at their Door, as the Means made Uſe of to create more dangerous Diſturbances. If any one cannot believe this Report and Calumny caſt on that Miſchievous Party; if to them it looks too ridiculous to be true, let 'em ſee what one of Mr. *Roper*'s Brother-Writers ſays of it. He had been ſpeaking of the *Devil*, the *Pope*, and the *Pretender*: *This Deſign*, ſays he, *being prevented by the ſeizing of their Tools, and keeping out the Train'd-Bands to prevent Riots, they were not a little vex'd and angry at the Diſappointment, and in their Rage fell to practiſing the moſt unſpeakable Barbarities, under the Name of* Mohocks: *This was under pretence of Raking; but ſomething elſe was at the Boottom.* The Deſign was laid deep, it ſeems; and by whom, we may know by his very next Words. *I need not mention their Under-hand Practices of obſtructing the Meaſures of Peace, which alone at preſent can make this Nation happy; and of blackening the Miniſters, who are tranſacting it, with all the moſt odious Calumnies: And ſcandalouſly and falſly forging, that they are bringing in the* Pretender; *when nothing is further from their Hearts, and all the ſecureſt Methods poſſibly taken by the Treaty to have him excluded*

cluded for ever. One wou'd think by the Strength of the Reaſoning, and the Beauty of the Language, this had *paſs'd under the Pen* of Dr. *S*——. But to deal plainly with the Reader, I took it from nor better nor worſe than an Honeſt *Grubſtreet* Half-penny Scribler, a Fellow-Labourer in the ſame Caſe, ſet at Work by an empty Pocket and ſharp Stomach; yet this is what the Rabble hear daily bawl'd about the Street, aed greedily they ſuck in the Poiſon: Theſe *Scriptions* reaching thoſe who cannot buy above a Half pennyworth of Scandal at a Time; and as they make up the Numbers, the Miſchief they do is the more pernicious. I defy the Doctor himſelf to tell this Story more cleverly, or to make more Judicious Reflections, or more delicate Eulogy. The *Mohock* Plot laſted no longer than till a Proclamation came out againſt Riotous and Tumultuous Aſſemblies. The Scowrers ſcamper'd, the Emperor fled to the *Indies*, and his Empire came to an End. I never had good Information of the *Dancing* Plot, ſo I ſhall ſay nothing more of it, than that I took *Balls* and *Conſorts* to be as diſtant from Plotting, as the Maſters of 'em are from Politicks. However, if I am out in my Judgment, I ſhall be glad to know the Truth of the Matter, and be ſet right.

The laſt Plot, and which is now on the Anvil, is the *Band box* Plot, which is alſo laid to the Charge of the *Whigs*. If the Reader will not believe me, let him have Recourſe to the Author I laſt mention'd, and he will there find that this Plot comes from the very ſame Quarter as the reſt did. *Not being able,*

ſays

ſays he, *to ſucceed in any of thoſe Deſigns hitherto one need not wonder that ſuch a reſtleſs and turbulent Faction are full in contriving the moſt dangerous Projects; but it is to be hop'd, that Providence ſome time or other, will diſcover them, to their utter Confuſion and Diſgrace, by bringing them to a condign Puniſhment for their Treaſons and Treachery, of which the following Story is one lively Inſtance tho' the Bottom of it is not yet diſcover'd; yet the Matter is ſo well known, as that it is in every body's Mouth, and need not be doubted, when it is ſpoke by Perſons of undoubted Credit, and who have his Lordſhip's Good ſo much at Heart.* It is not my Fault, that the Tories don't write better: I am not to blame for quoting what they ſay, let it be as dull as it will, when I take care to pick out their beſt Authors; and I am ſatisfy'd theſe Quotations will convince every one, that they have not a brighter Man among them; and that the Doctor himſelf, who diſcover'd the Plot, cou'd not have told it more elegantly. There happens to be ſome Difference in the Relation of the Fact between the Worthy Author, and his Brother *Abel*. *The former aſſures us, it was a Box brought by a Porter, that it was ſo heavy it was help'd down from the Porter's Back, that Dr. S —— cut all the Cords at once, that there was Three Piſtols in it, each loaded with a Slug, and a Bullet, and a conſiderable Quantity of Gun powder, to make ſure Work,* &c. Tho it is plain that this is much the better Author, yet *Abel* being more to be depended on for his Veracity, I ſhall chuſe to give the Account of this Matter in his own Words.

London, *Nov.* 13. *The Truth of the Fact concerning the Band-Box ſent to the* Lord-Treaſurer, *we are inform'd, is as followeth.*

" On *Tueſday* Morning, the 4th Inſtant, " the Penny-Poſt-Man deliver'd a ſmall Par- " cel at the Lord-Treaſurer's Houſe, directed " to his Lordſhip's Porter, in which, upon " opening, was found enclos'd a Band-Box, " directed to the Lord-Treaſurer. The Box " was carry'd up to my Lord's Bed-Chamber, " and deliver'd to his Lordſhip, who ſtretch- " ing up the Lid as far as the Pack-thread that " ty'd it would give way, ſaid, He ſaw a " Piſtol; whereupon, a Gentleman in the " Room deſired the Box might be given to " him; he took it to the Window, at ſome " Diſtance from my Lord, and open'd it, by " cutting with a Pen-knife the Pack-threads " that faſten'd the Lid. The firſt Thing that " appear'd was the Stock and Lock of a Poc- " ket-Piſtol, lying acroſs the Middle of the " Band-Box, and faſten'd at each End with " Two Nails; on each Side of the Fire-lock " were laid the Middle-pieces of Two large " Ink-horns charg'd with Powder and Ball, " and Touch-holes bored at the Butt-ends of " 'em, to which were faſten'd Two Linnen " Bags of Gunpowder, and at the other Ends " of the Bags were Two Quills fill'd with " Wild-fire. Theſe Two artificial Barrels " were plac'd with the Muzzles contrary-ways, " and the Quill of one of 'em directed to the " Pan of the Piſtol, as the other probably " was, tho' diſorder'd by the Carriage. The

" Gentle-

" Gentleman, who open'd the Box, appre-
" hending some Mischief was intended,
" would not touch the Pistol-stock, till he
" remov'd all the other Machines; then gent-
" ly widening the Box, the Nails which
" fasten'd the Stock at either End gave way.
" he found the Firelock prim'd and cock'd,
" and a Piece of Thread fasten'd to the Trig-
" ger, which he conceiv'd he had cut in the
" opening. The small Nails which fasten'd
" the Stock at either End, were so contriv'd,
" that by taking it up at the first View, as it
" was natural to do with all the Implements
" about it, the Cock would have gone down
" and fir'd the whole Train, which would
" have immediately discharged both Barrels
" different ways: This could not have been
" avoided, had the Pistol-stock been pull'd
" out with any Force, before the Nails were
" loosen'd, and the Thread cut which was tied
" to the Trigger". I wonder how it came to pass, that we had no Animadversions, no Politick Remarks, on such a Business as this: For the Two *Ink-horns* are Topicks that would bear abundance of Reflection.

I must here obviate any Objection that may be made, as if I wou'd countenance such an Affront offer'd to a Person so much in Her Majesty's Favour. I think that's sufficient to guard any one from Insults; and I shou'd be far from vindicating it, had it been offer'd to any Gentleman in *England*. Exalted Stations create Envy; and since every one cannot be gratify'd, it is no wonder Great Men have Enemies; but to murder by Surprize, or shew a good Will to do it, has something in it so

baſe, as well as ſo black, that I ſhou'd heartily give up the Offender to the Laws, if he was in my Diſpoſal. But that the ſending this *Band-Box* was a Plot of the *Whigs* againſt the Government, is what cannot enter into my Noddle. For granting, which wou'd be going a very great Length, that the Miniſter is in ſomewiſe the Government; he muſt be a ſorry Wretch, who does not know that ſuch Preſents as theſe *Band-Boxes*, ſent to Miniſters of State, are not firſt examin'd by themſelves; that it was a Thouſand to One whether it came firſt to his Hands, and a Hundred Thouſand to One whether it had the cruel Effect, which in Appearance was intended by it. yet ſuch is the envenom'd Malice of ſome Men, that it turns whatever it touches to Poiſon; and the poor *Whigs* are ſure to be ſuſpected and vilify'd for theſe Offences; which perhaps had never been committed, but for that very Reaſon: The *Whigs* having often been hang'd for the Plots the *Tories* made for 'em. There happen'd ſomething in this Affair, which I cannot paſs over without Remark; and that is, how applicable the Two *Combuſtible Ink-horns* are to the Man who is ſaid to have ſpy'd them firſt; whoſe own Ink-horns, for theſe Two or Three Years, have been loaden with Matter much more Combuſtible: For which I refer to the *Examiners*, the *Conducts*, the *John Bulls*, &c.

To conclude, I cannot help obſerving the Anſwer made to a Perſon, who had told a Story of another Man's Eſcape; and that he cry'd out, What a Providence it was he was not kill'd. *'Tis well however*, ſays he, *it had*

that

that good Effect upon him, and that he cou'd ſee there was a Providence, when he was in ſuch Peril, who never before believ'd a Word of it. I call'd at the Coffee-Houſe, to have had ſome Conferences with you, Sir, about theſe Matters; but the Widow told me you were not in Town; and that you had been taken up lately very much about Affairs of Conſequence. I am ſatisfy'd, let them be what they will, whenever you oblige the World with a Conſpiracy, your Genius will ſhine much above any one's elſe in that Kind; who, old as you are, I doubt not have Hopes of ſeeing the good Work crown'd with Succeſs, for which you have ſo long been labouring. You will excuſe me, if I am not in that ſo much as you wou'd have me,

Your Humble Servant.

FINIS.